

Sunday Eve 1 P.M.
April 29th. 96.

My Own dear Son,

I have had
such a happy day,
here with these dear friends.
Do you know Claire,
Mrs Lane is one of the
most ideal women I
have ever come across.

And Frank, - well
you know Frank.

Mrs Lane has just been
& kiss me goodnight
and she says - Give
him my love - meaning

ym, of course.

It has rained
heavily today - so that
we dared not attempt
church and Sunday
school; so I read Tusk
to Frank - giving him
some new thoughts to
think of; and Mrs
Lane read "Bonny Brier
bush" aloud to us, &
after dinner, we all
dressed up in stail skirts
rather tight - caps & gloves
& took a grand hill
climbing walk in all
the rain - not minding
it one bit - The scenery

was glorious and when we got home
we changed our clothes, & cracked
and ate butter milk in front of a
huge open fire place, & What an
ideal day it has been —

There was in the big carnival
to Christian endeavor — which
Hearts led, and I sang twice for
the people, and spoke too — dear —
And now we have been sitting
on the floor, chatting and gossiping all

The evening -

Oh sweet-darling
that your Sunday
has been just as
beautiful - God bless
you, darling, your own
Sister.

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